But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this, my love no whit disdaineth,
Suns of the world may staine, when heavens sun stayn
Why didst thou promise such a beautious day,
And make me travaile forth without my cloake,
To let base clouds oretake me in my way,
Hiding thy brav'ry in their rotten smoke.
'Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
To dry the raine on my storme-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speake,
That heales the wound, and cures not the disgrace:
Nor can thy shame give phisicke to my griefe,
Though thou repent, yet I have still the losse,
Th'offenders sorrow lends but weake reliefe
To him that beares the strong offences losse.
Ah but those teares are pearle which thy love sheeds,
And they are rich, and ransome all ill deeds.
No more be greev'd at that which thou hast done,
Roses have thornes, and silver fountaines mud,
Clouds and eclipses staine both Moone and Sunne,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespas with compare,
My selfe corrupting salving thy amisse,
Excusing their sins more then their sins are:
For to thy sensuall fault I bring in sence,
Thy adverse partie is thy Advocate,
And gainst my selfe a lawfull plea commence,
Such civill war is in my love and hate,
That I an accessary needs must be,
To that sweet theefe which sourely robs from me.

Vnanimitie.

LEt me confesse that we two must be twaine
Although our undevided loves are one:
So shall those blots that do with me remaine,
Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a seperable spight,
Which though it alter not loves sole effect,
Yet doth it steale sweet houres from loves deli
I may not ever-more acknowledge thee,
Least my bewailed guilt should doe thee sham
Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,
Vnlesse thou take that honour from thy nam
But doe not so, I love thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good repor
As a decrepit father takes delight,
To see his active child doe deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest spight
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
For whether beautie, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more
Intitled in their parts, do crowned sit,
I make my love ingrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance g
That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live:
Look what is best, that best I wish in thee,
This wish I have, then ten times happy me.

POEMS William Shakespeare LONDON, 1640 THE WARNOCK LIBRARY Octavo